Trope: Sharing A Bed (Tristhad)

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Trope: Sharing A Bed (Tristhad)

by TigerPrawn

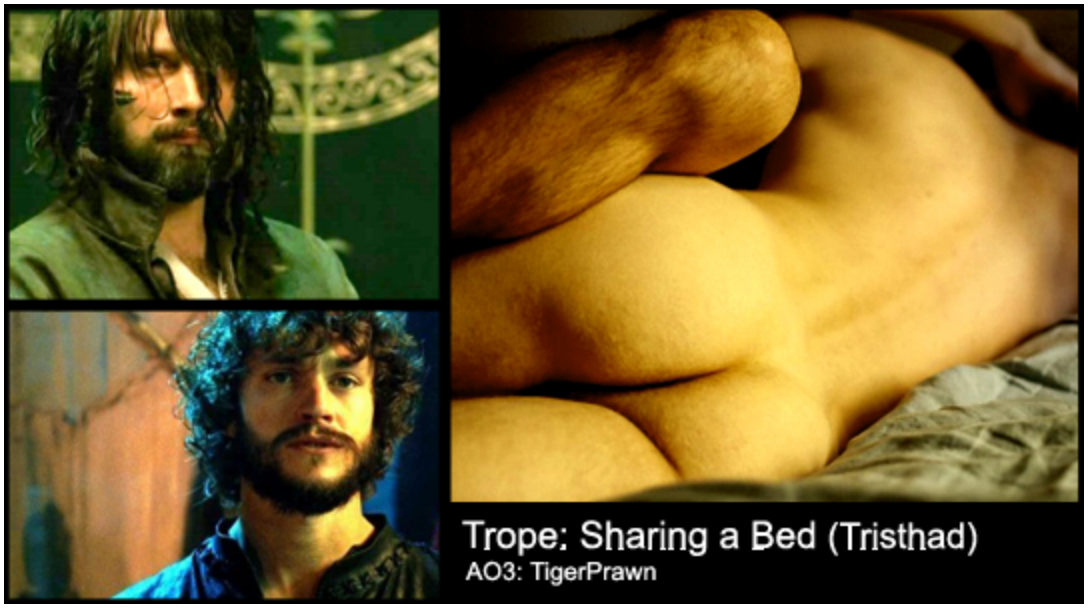
Summary

The storm outside is nothing compared to the one that has raged within Tristan throughout the years he has denied himself. After all, what alpha would take another as their lover?

Notes

My thanks to the utterly wonderful Llewcie for the beta <3

Blame young Hotty for this! "you know they don't even have to take a knot, double barrel it and in tandem manual knot milking?"



The storm was fierce and ripped at the material of the tent in a way that made it impossible to sleep. The noise of the wind alone was deafening and Tristan buried his head under a fold of fur he was using as a pillow. Had he not honed his tracking skills since childhood to be constantly aware of his surroundings, he might have missed the change in sound. The rustle and pull and flapping.

He reached for the dagger next to his bed and moved enough to watch as the figure that had entered secured the tent flap once more.

He caught the scent and his hand stilled.

Galahad.

The only of his fellow knights that he knew by scent.

He tightened his jaw at the thought. Not long after his secondary puberty he had realised he was not the same as other alphas, but it was only when Galahad's gender had presented that he knew the absolute truth of it. And that truth was wrapped in the other young alpha's scent.

His eyes adjusted and he watched as Galahad shook his head, large drops of water coming loose from his hair and pattering against the bedding and tent alike. Tristan grunted his displeasure at that point and sat.

"Sorry, sorry…" Galahad placated as he moved further into the tent and then stood, loitering and dripping.

Tristan's eyes adjusted to the darkness enough to see the grin on the alpha's face, the beaming smile that brought him hope on futile days.

He shook the thought away.

“Why do you wake me Galahad?” The words came out rough, his throat dry.

“There is a problem with my tent.” Galahad was looking around now; his own eyes must have adjusted to the dim light. “You have the largest tent so I thought you might be kind enough to share.”

“What is the problem with your tent?” Tristan didn’t try to keep the exasperation from his tone as he slumped onto his back and gazed into the darkness above him. Exasperation at being disturbed? Exasperation at being so close to something he could never hope to have? He was sure Galahad could never tell the difference. What alpha would suspect another of loving him, even in such a close quarters as they all lived?

“It is somewhat difficult to get to… Which is to say, it is now at the bottom of the ravine.” Galahad’s words were laced with amusement but they ended on a sigh. “I can find another host if you prefer?”

The words were spoken in such a way that Tristan knew he should feel bad for turning his comrade away, but he wouldn’t. Turning Galahad away was just what he should do. What he wanted to do. He kept to himself and avoided the others where possible, but this young knight in particular.

And then Galahad shivered and Tristan tightened his jaw again.

“You’re cold.” It wasn’t a question and Tristan wasn’t even sure why he had stated the obvious.

“I’m soaking.” Galahad corrected, and then paused for a moment before adding more forcefully “look, I can find another tent. Just let me know now before I freeze to death in these wet clothes.”

When Tristan didn’t answer after a few moments, he heard the tent fixings being undone once more.

“Wait.” The word fell out and he sat in his bedding. He had no dry spare clothes of his own; they had all been soaked through setting up camp and he bunked now in only his underthings. He had nothing to offer Galahad for warmth.

His hands tightened in the fur and blankets around him as he realised that wasn’t quite true.

“Take off your wet clothes and hang them beside mine.” Tristan instructed, pointing at his own clothes that hung on a line across the back end of the tent.

Galahad said nothing but removed his thick, sodden cloak before starting on his clothes. Tristan turned away and began to fuss at the blankets and furs again. Perhaps he could rearrange them in such a way as to create a second bed? Avoid any closeness that might betray-

He was unable to finish the thought as he felt a cool and damp body slide next to him under his bedding and his breath caught in his chest.

“Sorry, didn’t mean to give you a chill.” Galahad’s words were so relaxed it was maddening. He buried himself deeper into the warmth Tristan had created and let out a contented sigh.

It took a moment before Tristan could level out his breathing. He considered again how to separate the coverings into two beds, but decided it was pointless when gentle snoring sounded beside him. He pulled a blanket closer and rolled to his side, back to the other alpha. Anger burned deep within him. Anger at Galahad and the situation. Anger at himself and the way he shouldn't feel. Not about another alpha. They weren't Greeks!

Tristan had thought he wouldn’t sleep, but he must have started to doze because he awoke with a start when cold feet moved against his legs. He let out a huff and was about to chastise the younger alpha when he felt a hand on his side. And then it slipped around him and pressed into the hair at his chest, fingers playing there as if they had done so many times before.

He resisted the temptation to close his eyes and lose himself to the sensation. Even as Galahad pressed against his back, he tensed and grit his teeth despite his desires. His anger boiled and tightened his body. The quiet seething he felt so often and hid under solemnity and well chosen words.

“It’s cold.” The soft words were spoken against his ear and despite himself the anger started to bleed out of him as though the words had sliced him open. “Can we keep each other warm?” Galahad didn’t wait for a response as he moved his hand down, trailing over the hair that lead to Tristan’s clothed but stirring cock. He wanted to groan at his body’s betrayal but didn’t dare make a noise. This was a young alpha having his sport, he wouldn't allow himself to be undone by attentions that would be no more than an exploration for the pup.

Despite being so obviously awake, he remained completely still as Galahad’s hand skimmed over the material and his cock twitched, chasing the movement.

Galahad chuckled gently and then cupped him, taking his whole length in hand and squeezing. “Is this my answer?”

In lieu of any thoughts or words, which both seemed beyond him in that moment, Tristan simply let out the breath he had been holding. He was unsure why that drew another chuckle from Galahad, and yet he could feel the alpha’s lips curl into a smile as they pressed against his shoulder.

Was he dreaming? What was thus intimacy? Some game?

He might think this wasn't happening at all but for the fact that he could feel every small movement behind him. Every little adjustment under the blankets until Galahad pressed completely against him and he could feel his hardness.

Tristan only realised on the painful breath he then drew in that he hadn’t breathed since the exhale and now he wasn’t sure if he would even remember to breath again. This was dangerous. Alphas did not do this with each other. They should hide this desire should it come to them. Remain chaste...

He felt bereft when Galahad shifted again and the cold air within the tent was against his bare back. But then warm hands were on him again and he was eased over, until he lay flat on his back and Galahad moved to straddle him. It was only as the other alpha settled on his thighs that he could feel he was completely naked and must have been the whole time.

What game was this? He wasn't sure. Any thoughts of protest were driven from him when movement caught his eye, and in the dim light he could see Galahad take himself in hand and stroke once, twice.

"Do you want to know what I do on cold nights to keep warm Tristan?" Galahad asked and then punctuated his words with another slow stroke. He must have noticed Tristan's transfixed gaze because he grinned. "Do you want me to show you?"

Tristan's heart was beating so hard he could no longer hear the wind outside over the thrumming of blood in his ears. Despite himself, he gave a curt nod, which grew Galahad's smile all the more.

He watched as Galahad's hand moved again. He could make out enough to see the swelling knot, feel his own pulsate in response. Galahad's hand rolled over his cockhead and then leisurely down, squeezing his knot. He repeated the action a few times before taking more time over his knot. Tristan's hands somehow found their way to Galahad's hips, his fingers digging into the flesh there as Galahad squeezed himself.

When Galahad let out a low moan, Tristan's hips involuntarily bucked and he was made acutely aware of how painfully hard he was himself.

Galahad's hands were on him then, pulling him free of his underwear with a beaming smile. "Feeling a little left out?"

All thought was ripped from Tristan's mind as Galahad shifted slightly and pressed their cocks together, taking them both in hand. The feeling was agonisingly pleasurable as their knots pushed against the friction provided by the other.

Galahad started slow. An echo of his previous actions as he stroked them both together, finding a rhythm as they both thrust gently into his grip. As they picked up the pace a little Galahad's free hand move to the base of their cocks, kneading their knots together.

A long drawn out moan escaped from Tristan through a painfully dry throat and Galahad let out a light laugh in response before repeating the actions that had broken Tristan's resolve.

Tristan clenched his jaw and panted through grit teeth. There was no holding back from this. Whatever the boy's intent, he could not turn from this. His hands moved of their own accord, sliding over the swell of Galahad's ass and parting his cheeks enough to graze over his hole. That brought a little gasp from the other alpha but no more chuckling. Instead he hissed the word "yes…" on a second gasp.

The word almost brought Tristan to his end and he thrust up hard again, nearly unseating Galahad. Instead the other alpha fell forward, moving his hand from their knots and propping himself up with it as he continued to work their cocks together in the tight tunnel of his fist.

Now forward and further spread, Galahad moaned again as Tristan fingered at him, glancing touches over the sensitive pucker that had them both writhing.

For a moment Tristan wondered what it might be like to knot the alpha.

He let out a short cry as his orgasm tore through him and he coated them both in hot ropes of cum.

“Oh, fuck. Unnh” Galahad released them both and moved back, catching hold of Tristan’s arms and pulling them both from behind him until he was able to take Tristan’s hand and place it on his knot. Tristan wasn’t entirely certain of the action at first until Galahad then took him in hand. His cock was still twitching when Galahad began to stroke him through the aftershocks of his orgasm. He let out a shuddering breath and enjoyed the sensation, even moreso when Galahad’s hand moved to his knot, now fully inflated and rock hard, and began to massage it.

He could hardly take in air as skillful hands cupped his knot and began to knead and tighten in the way breeding might feel. His eyes rolled back and vision was lost as he came again.

He had no idea how long it took him to regain himself but Galahad was still playing with his knot, and the thought of mirroring the action consumed him. His hands still rested on Galahad’s swollen knot, and it took little effort to squeeze just enough to draw another moan from him. Tristan took that as the best of encouragement and repositioned his hands in a way he enjoyed pleasuring himself.

He began to fist Galahad’s cock as best he could from the angle he lay at, his other hand massaging the pulsating knot. Galahad’s hands still on him were distracting enough, but it was his thoughts that were running riot. Their hands stroked and massaged - determined to wring every last bit of pleasure from them both. And as Galahad’s knot pulsed in his hand, Tristan imagined what that might feel like inside him.

Without thought, Tristan all but shouted the words - “Fill me alpha.”

Galahad let out a strangled cry and came, as he did once more. They both kneaded and squeezed at each other through the tremors of their pleasure, their seed mixing together and coating them both in each other’s musky scent.

They panted together as they continued to gently touch, both sensitive but satisfied, their fists holding each other’s knots tight as they started to deflate, going soft and spongy in their hands.

The wind had died down. As their breathing levelled out the noise of the storm was clearly quietening and Tristan realised he wouldn't have even noticed if it had gained vigor and ripped the tent away from around them.

Despite the mess, or perhaps because of it, Tristan relaxed into the furs, feeling Galahad’s warmth against him as he drifted into sleep.

*

The tent was glowing with the light of the rising sun but Tristan felt cold. He opened his eyes to see that Galahad sat at the edge of the blanket, his now dry undergarments in his hands.

Tristan froze. He might have wondered if it was all a dream, despite the warm smile Galahad gave him.

“Thanks for this.” Galahad’s matter of fact tone revealed their pleasures to be nothing more than diverting sport he had suspected. “I couldn’t bear the thought of bunking in with Gawain, he snores like an oaf and the wind was bad enough.”

The mention of the one omega in their company made Tristan go even more rigid than he had been. The omega that Galahad bedded regularly. He must have been intrigued to try another way during the madness of the storm.

For years Tristan had been silent. Had kept himself to himself and spoken only when there was a need to say something. It had become his way. And yet, he could not help the words that sprang from him before he even knew they were in his mind-

“Surely you are bed fellows enough to be used to it!” He was surprised at the anger in his own words but if Galahad noticed, it did not show in his chuckle.

“Gawain?” Galahad lay back down next to him. “What on earth? We are not lovers.” The idea apparently seemed so preposterous to Galahad that he let out another chuckle and Tristan felt him shake his head.

“You spend his heats with him.” Tristan kept his tone flat and factual, reining in the anger that he had no right to feel regardless of what had passed between them.

“As his brother, as his guard.” Galahad’s voice was still light at first but then became a little more serious as he added, “Not all Romans are as honourable as the Sarmatians”.

There was a knot in Tristan’s stomach and it made him feel a little sick. How he had misjudged the situation? How he had been so blind and yet called himself a tracker? Not that it mattered. Not that it changed anything.

“That is honourable of you.” He finally forced out, meaning the words even though he struggled to speak.

Galahad huffed a laugh. “Not really. I am merely above the temptation of it. A perfect guard for him. As you might be.”

“Any of our brothers would be as honourable.” Tristan hesitated over the words as he tried to decipher Galahad’s meaning.

“Is that how you think of us? Brothers?” Galahad’s words seemed equally hesitant and Tristan had no idea why. He frowned as he replied-

“We are all brothers at arms. A family to replace the ones we left behind.” Tristan spoke almost word for word the platitudes they were given as children arriving in the bleakness of the rain soaked island.

“You are not my brother, Tristan.” Galahad said, softly. “You mean more… I mean... I don’t think of you…” Galahad’s words trailed off and he felt the younger alpha turn and press against him.

Anger and confusion gripped Tristan again. Galahad’s sport had been had. There was no need to linger like this when the pup likely felt the shame and embarrassment his proclivities cost him. Those feelings that Tristan never felt though knew he should.

Even so he felt somewhat disturbed by the alpha’s unbearable closeness and moved away from him.

Before he had chance to rise Galahad chuckled again. “You are so hard headed and unyielding. You know, I can scent you? When we’re in the barracks and Gawain is in heat… his quarters are closer to yours than mine are and I sit outside his room and despite the reek of omega, I can scent you.”

Tristan froze. Had he been so obvious as to invite this? “You are the last knight I thought to make mischief like this pup. There is no humour in this cruelty.”

Galahad huffed a laugh and sat, his own coverings falling away. The rich and earthy scent of his arousal wafting up on the movement of the blankets was near intoxicating.

“Cruelty is being in love with such an obstinate man.”

“I…” Tristan bit his lip and drew air in through his teeth. “I don't understand.”

Galahad, bafflingly, was grinning. He stood, skin glowing in the light and erection bobbing with the movement. “I know you don't.” the humour was thick in his tone as he started to unfasten the tent flap. “I grew tired of waiting for you to understand.”

Galahad, with no regard for his nudity, threw back the flap to reveal the camp that was yet to stir into life. Tristan was unsure at first as to why, and when Galahad made no move to leave, he looked past him and at the tents beyond.

And there was Galahad’s small tent nestled between those of Gawain and Bors.

“Your tent is fine.” Tristan stated, confusion clearly obvious in his expression.

Galahad slapped a hand to his face and let out an exasperated groan.

“At first I thought you weren't interested. And then I thought you were teasing me. If you'd talked just a little you might have known that you need not be so silent. But half a decade later, with no little urging from our equally exasperated *brothers*, I finally get my hands on you and you still don't have a clue! You can find Woads hidden in the undergrowth with nothing more to go on than a broken twig a day's trek earlier and yet you still don't see me, right here, having finally bedded you.”

Tristan schooled his expression almost out of habit but then, with little control over it, a smile broke through as the realisation dawned. Galahad’s words and actions danced and knit in his mind to a cohesive truth.

“Oh gods, finally!” Galahad laughed as he threw up his hands. Tristan rumbled a low laugh then and Galahad flipped the tent flap back into place and started to advance on him.

Yes, finally.

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